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TO

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,

*On the part, which the Borough-mongers would now act, if they had common sense.*

*North Hampstead, Long Island,  
January 28, 1819.*

MY LORD,

The news-papers have just brought us an account of the death and burial of the *Queen*; but, the intelligence they bring us of the approaching death of another Lady, of still greater age, quite drowns, in my mind, all the feelings and reflections excited by her Majesty's decease, your Grace will know, at once, that I allude to the *Old Lady in Threadneedle Street*; who has long been in a very poor way, and who now appears to have received a *second stroke* of that description, of which no one was ever yet known to survive a *third*. But, as I have, in former Registers, spoken pretty fully of this matter, I will not, at present, trouble your Grace with any particulars relating to it; and, have only just mentioned it here, by way of introduction to higher topics.

I mean to submit to you my opinion as to the part, which the Boroughmongers would now act, if they had common sense. I have lately taken the liberty to tell the *Prince Regent* and the *People*, what I think *they* ought to do in the case of a sudden blowing-up of the paper-money. I now propose to give my opinion as to what the Boroughmongers, or Usurpers, ought to do; and, I address myself to your Grace for *two reasons*, neither of which is founded in any degree of respect that I have for your talents or your character, but which are, *first*, that it is convenient, for the sake of reference, to put *some* pretty well known name at the head of each of my letters; and, *second*, while your name is no worse than that of many others, it is better, in this case, seeing that the venerable Major Cartwright has recently addressed to you some very able Letters, in the course of which he has given it as his opinion, that REFORM *will*, or, at least, *may*, be obtained BEFORE the paper-money *be* destroyed.

It is upon this subject, that I mean to address you; and, I

imagine, that even such men as you, haughty and disdainful as you have been towards such men as I, must now begin to see, that my warnings of sixteen years ago, at which you have laughed till lately, were really not so very visionary. I imagine, that you must now begin to see, that there really is somewhat of a *connection* between the Abbey-Lands of Woburn and the Bank-Notes! But, I am now to take a view of the question of *Reform* as it is presented to you in the First Letter of Major Cartwright, dated at *Tunbridge-Wells*, 8th November, 1818.

The worthy Major has always thought better of the Usurpers than I have. He has been offended at their base and cruel acts; he has well and clearly understood the nature and tendency of those acts; he has laboured most zealously and most disinterestedly to overset the usurpation; he has laboured most ably and with very great effect; his perseverance has been without a parallel in the history of patriotism; he has detested the tyranny and the tyrants: but, still his detestation has been insufficient to suffer him wholly to give up the hope of their acting justly towards the people, for the sake of *their own safety*. I always

told him, that their insolence and arrogant conceit would never let them see their danger, until it was *too late*. I told him: "they will "toss up their loggerheads and "talk about the *Lower Orders*, till "the latter actually come to shove "them out of doors to beg." I used to tell him that the Borough-mongers had been tyrants *so long*; that they had *so long* been in the habit of treating the people insolently; that they had *so long* played the tyrant with impunity, that their minds were incapable of conceiving any thing like a correct idea upon the subject. And, upon these grounds, I always gave it as my opinion, that, until the *Paper-Money* should go to pieces, we should have *no reform*.

The Major, amongst a constellation of virtues and of talents, has one of the little frailties inseparable from humanity: that of anxiously wishing that the cause may triumph by *his means*; that is to say, that the Reform may take place, and not take place, but take place in consequence of the prevalence of the *principles which he has inculcated*, and in consequence of no *extraneous cause* neither in whole nor in part. This is not only a very natural wish; it is also



excusable, and even laudable; for we all ought to entertain the *wish*: we must all entertain it: we must all *desire* to obtain our rights in this way, rather than in any other way. But, though we must *wish* this, it does not follow that we must, or can, *hope*, much less *expect* it. And I never have, for one single moment, entertained any such expectation. I have always expected, that we should obtain Reform when the Paper-Swindle should be demolished, and *not one hour sooner*; and this I have many scores of times told Major Cartwright. But he, always unwilling to give up the hope of seeing the success of his principles produced without any extraneous aid, never, *until now*, suffered the dangers of the Paper-Money even to enter into his arguments in favour of Reform. Now he urges that danger as a strong argument; and, he seems to hope, that this argument will have *some weight* with the Usurpers. It is an argument of *fear*; and very *fair* it is to use it; but, I am persuaded it will have *no effect*; or, at least, that it will not produce the effect which the Major has in view.

The whole of the passage, to which I allude, is worthy of the

writer. It contains statement most able; reasoning clear and close; just thoughts all through expressed in language so eloquent and so forcible, and the inducement to do the people justice is so strong that, until we think of *who* the parties addressed are, we *feel* that the pleading must be successful. I shall insert the passage here, that the young men of England, and especially my own sons, may see a specimen of what I deem good writing; and, while they read and admire it in every line, I would have them recollect, that it is the writer of this passage, whom Sir FRANCIS BURDETT and his base tools have, for years, been intriguing to keep out of parliament!

“ By all, my Lord, who are not  
“ utterly devoid of sense or reflection,  
“ the alternative of the crisis, in which,  
“ with anxious apprehension, we stand,  
“ is strongly felt, if not clearly com-  
“ prehended. But, even among the  
“ most attentive, there is one differ-  
“ ence of opinion, on which, as it  
“ should seem, hang suspended in the  
“ scales of our fate, consequences so  
“ opposite and so awful, as to excite  
“ in the contemplative mind an inter-  
“ est the most painful, as thereon  
“ probably depends the salvation or  
“ final ruin, the happiness or endless  
“ misery of our country.

“ There are those, and among them  
“ persons of acute penetration, who

“ hold it to be as certain as man’s mor-  
 “ tality, that the day is not distant  
 “ when we are to behold the complete  
 “ downfall of the *Bank Paper Edifice*,  
 “ and with it the phantom called the  
 “ funds. It is then, they foretel, but  
 “ not till then, that we are to have a  
 “ *radical reform* of the Representation  
 “ of the People in Parliament.

“ Reasoning, but too plausibly,  
 “ from past experience, from the com-  
 “ plicated texture of the present sys-  
 “ tem, and the inveteracy of its cor-  
 “ ruptions, they cannot be persuaded  
 “ of even the possibility of a prior re-  
 “ form. But, considering the compa-  
 “ rative absence of a metallic currency  
 “ in our highly commercial country,  
 “ a sudden downfall of the *paper edi-  
 “ fice* might produce a dire convul-  
 “ sion, even a dis-ruption of society  
 “ itself, and an anarchy terrific in the  
 “ very contemplation. Out of such a  
 “ chaos, what almighty hand shall  
 “ draw forth for our security, a Re-  
 “ form, which, as ‘ Representation is  
 “ the happiest discovery of political  
 “ wisdom,’ were the consummation  
 “ of social order, and the highest  
 “ point in the perfection of govern-  
 “ ment?

“ Among another class of reasoners,  
 “ of whom the writer professes to be  
 “ one, another opinion prevails; name-  
 “ ly, that, in consequence of the vast  
 “ influx of political light, which has  
 “ of late, by the dispersion of dense  
 “ clouds of error, burst on us from  
 “ that sun of the mind, Divine Truth;  
 “ laying open to our view corruption  
 “ in all its ramifications, as well as the  
 “ misery it produces, and dispelling  
 “ the noxious vapours of *alarm*; while  
 “ it displays in all its beauty universal  
 “ Freedom, parent of content, order,

“ and tranquillity, we shall preventa-  
 “ tively, and, as it were, instinctively,  
 “ take up *radical reform*, as our na-  
 “ tural shield against all adversity;  
 “ urged to the work, and quickened  
 “ in its performance, by an imperious  
 “ sense of imminent danger.

“ In proportion, however, to the  
 “ diffidence with which it may be  
 “ right to entertain an opinion of the  
 “ stability of the *paper currency*, in  
 “ the same proportion, superadded to  
 “ intellectual reasons the most con-  
 “ vincing, and moral reasons the most  
 “ binding, the wiser part of the aris-  
 “ tocracy and the opulent may be at  
 “ length expected to arrange them-  
 “ selves, ere too late, on the side of  
 “ such a parliamentary reform as  
 “ sound knowledge in the science of  
 “ representation may require.

“ A comparative sketch of the dif-  
 “ ferent consequences to be looked  
 “ for, under the supposition of a  
 “ downfall of the *paper edifice* under  
 “ a rotten borough of the House of  
 “ Commons, or under one previously  
 “ reformed, may have its instruction.

“ On one hand, such an event  
 “ during the continuance of such a  
 “ corrupt House, while the whole  
 “ nation groans under the grinding  
 “ oppression of a usurping despotic  
 “ oligarchy, who can no otherwise  
 “ uphold their immensely complex  
 “ system of tyranny, than by main-  
 “ taining, at the people’s expense for  
 “ the people’s slavery, one immense  
 “ standing army of military mercena-  
 “ ries, and another such standing  
 “ army of civil myrmidons;—such an  
 “ event under such circumstances—  
 “ when all would necessarily be a  
 “ wild distraction, because none could  
 “ repose confidence in the wisdom or



“ the good intention of their rulers,  
 “ and when revenge would have all  
 “ possible stimulus to take its full  
 “ swing—must of necessity produce  
 “ a volcanic irruption, to which  
 “ nought in history, except the French  
 “ Revolution, may be compared.

“ In what direction, or to what extent,  
 “ the rivers of revolutionary  
 “ lava would burn up and bury under  
 “ them palaces and parks, offices and  
 “ institutions, cannot be precisely  
 “ foreseen; but it would be fortunate,  
 “ indeed, for the cowardly and base  
 “ alarmists, who have been so conspicuously  
 “ instrumental in causing  
 “ the present calamities of their country,  
 “ as well as for those with whom  
 “ they confederated in the mad and  
 “ fiend-like attempt to extirpate truth  
 “ and freedom by fire and sword,  
 “ dungeons and tortures, should they  
 “ not, on that day, have reason to  
 “ repent of their treasons!

“ At all events, such horrors are to  
 “ be deprecated and prevented; and  
 “ more especially on account of the  
 “ hazard that, even from an English  
 “ chaos, a new beneficent creation  
 “ might be less likely immediately to  
 “ arise, than that for a while a desolating  
 “ fury, civil discord and bloodshed  
 “ might prevail, before the stores  
 “ of knowledge in which the community  
 “ is so rich, and the characteristic  
 “ love of our republican constitution,  
 “ could have time to allay the storm,  
 “ and finally to adjust a reformed  
 “ government to the general satisfaction.

“ Now, on the other hand, we have,  
 “ my-Lord, to consider our motives  
 “ to a *Radical Reform*, that, in addition  
 “ to those permanent blessings  
 “ which must grow out of its nature,

“ should have the further recommendation  
 “ of a charm, capable of averting  
 “ from us a convulsion that may  
 “ uproot the very state—a convulsion  
 “ which may happen at a moment  
 “ when extreme oppression, insult,  
 “ and aggravated provocation may  
 “ have worked up the passions of the  
 “ people to a moral hurricane, which  
 “ no power could resist, no reason  
 “ control, until its desolating rage  
 “ should be spent.

“ As, when tempestuous winds cease  
 “ their furious lashing and a calm ensues,  
 “ the waves of an angry ocean  
 “ presently subside into a glassy  
 “ smoothness, so an angry people  
 “ soon become appeased, when the  
 “ lash of oppression ceases to inflict  
 “ its torments.

“ It not having been in the power,  
 “ as it seems to have been the wish,  
 “ of their inveterate tyrants to metamorphose  
 “ Englishmen, from being  
 “ among the very best, into the very  
 “ worst of mankind, but the generous  
 “ character of the nation being still  
 “ conspicuous, 'tis morally certain,  
 “ that the passing of a “ *Bill of Rights and Liberties*” would  
 “ instantaneously, with an electric influence,  
 “ calm and harmonize the  
 “ public mind, into a temper, patient-ly  
 “ to attend a developement of the  
 “ efficacy of Radical Reform, in healing  
 “ the wounds of the state, in the  
 “ redress of grievances, and in the full  
 “ diffusion, with all practicable speed  
 “ and all possible diligence, of the inexpressible  
 “ blessings of free government.

“ Knowing that in place of the ignorant,  
 “ pillaging, and mis-governing tyrants  
 “ who merit nought but detestation,  
 “ their affairs and inter-

“ests would for the future be in the  
 “guardianship of men annually elect-  
 “ed throughout the kingdom for their  
 “wisdom and virtue, and therefore  
 “possessing their affections and con-  
 “fidence; then, not even the down-  
 “fal of *the paper fabric*, nor other  
 “untoward occurrence, the effect of  
 “past ill-government, could cause  
 “either tumult or consternation.

“Conscious that the national wis-  
 “dom and virtue was assembled in  
 “council, and knowing that God and  
 “Nature have not interposed any bar  
 “to a redress of political grievances,  
 “a free people must know that every  
 “such grievance would be redressed by  
 “real representatives, doing for them  
 “in Parliament what they, if present,  
 “would do for themselves. The dis-  
 “tress that threatens from a failure of  
 “*paper money*, being a consequence  
 “of mis-government, is here contem-  
 “plated as a political grievance; but,  
 “in the hands of an honest Parliament,  
 “not one that is without a remedy.

“Now, my Lord, when a volcanic  
 “revolution seems to hang over us,  
 “suspended by a slender thread, say,  
 “whether the nation ought any lon-  
 “ger to endure a detested borough-  
 “monger usurpation, to the utter de-  
 “struction of its liberties, and rapidly  
 “hurrying it to an Algerine slavery  
 “and barbarism;—or ought instantly  
 “with a voice not to be resisted, to  
 “demand a *radical reform*, that should  
 “not only renew its liberties, but  
 “likewise fence them round with secu-  
 “rities infinitely superior to any thing  
 “heretofore experienced!”

The writer of this beautiful  
 passage was, when he wrote it,  
 within a few months of *eighty*

*years of age!* All the Dukes in  
 the world, old and young, if they  
 were to club their talents, could  
 not write such a piece as this.  
 This piece of writing will be ad-  
 mired, when the detestable tyrants,  
 to whose self-preservation it is  
 addressed, will, I verily believe,  
 be totally annihilated.

The amiable and venerable and  
 zealous author plainly hopes, by  
 drawing a picture of the horrors  
 which would attend the destruc-  
 tion of the Paper, *before* a Reform  
 should take place, to induce our  
 bloody tyrants to yield their  
 usurped powers *before* the Paper  
 blow-up arrive. This I am con-  
 vinced they will not do. How-  
 ever, it is our duty to endeavour  
 to prevail on them to do it; and,  
 therefore, this effort of the able  
 veteran is, like all his other acts,  
 praise-worthy. But, there is this  
 little danger in his present effort:  
 he seems, at the out-set, to encour-  
 age the People to expect, that  
 the Borough-tyrants *may* be in-  
 duced to give way, *though the pa-  
 per-swindle should remain*; and  
 this may possibly slacken the ef-  
 forts of the people against that  
 swindle. Then, in his description  
 of the *effects* of the bursting of the  
 swindle *before* a Reform takes  
 place, he would seem to think,  
 that, in that case, all *must of ne-  
 cessity* be confusion, anarchy, and  
 endless ruin, for that *no Re-  
 form could then take place*. And,  
 I am afraid, that the natural con-  
 clusion is, that, unless their  
 Usurperships shall be pleased to



*give us a Reform, we can never make one ourselves*; a conclusion which amounts to little short of a recommendation to us to go down upon our bare bellies, and, crawling to the Houses, put up our prayers: and, if they fail us, crawl back again to our holes, and there die with hunger or cold; and this conclusion was, assuredly, never intended by the brave old Major Cartwright.

It is very true, that it is to be wished that the Reform should come *before* the bursting of the Swindle; but, as this is not to be *expected*, we must think of having the Reform *after* the bursting of the Swindle. And I, for my part, have no fear at all of *any difficulty* standing in the way. I know, that, for *a few days*, there must be *hubbub*. But, what are a few days? "The Lords would *set off and leave us*." I hope not. "The Prince would *desert us*." God forbid! My calculations, and my humble suggestions as to *what ought to be done*, all (as may be seen in my Letters to the Prince and in that to the Blanketteers) proceed upon the supposition, that all the three estates would remain at their posts, and would, *when the paper was blown up*, proceed, at once, to make the Reform. With the fate of the French Noblesse and Clergy before their eyes ours would hardly be fools enough to take to their heels, and, disdaining to mix with the "*Lower Orders*," seek *charity* in foreign lands, leaving their parks and

mansions to the nation. They would hardly be such fools as to do this. Besides, what country would they have to go to? Their dear friend, the King of the Order of the Holy Ghost, would quickly be compelled to chase them out of his dominions, and might think himself happy if he himself were suffered to remain. The Holy Alliance would have other matters to think of than the harbouring of renegadoes from England. *America* is the only country, to which the high-blooded set could go; and there they must *work, or starve*.

No: they would remain to a certainty, and the paper-money, their prop, being gone, they would, of course, become *reasonable*. They would, I should think, become extremely complaisant towards the people. They would not higggle with us about trifles. They would soon find out, that it was not their business to choose representatives for the people; and, I should not wonder, if they were to put on an entire new face and assume a new tone altogether, and, carrying their heads higher than ever, say that it was *beneath them* to meddle with the electing of persons to represent the Swinish Multitude.

However, let me now proceed to state that which I think the Boroughmongers would *now* do, if they had only *common sense*; and, when I have done that, I will endeavour to shew, that, even if they were to go *away and leave*

*the people, the people would be able to get on without them.*

If the Boroughmongers had common sense, they would, at once, propose to do, and actually do, what I have suggested in my three Letters to the Prince. They would, besides, make an offering to the nation of the fourth part of the tythes and of the revenues of the lands, which were taken from the monasteries, and which proportion formerly belonged to, and was enjoyed by the poor. They would fulfil the terms upon which the grant of those lands and estates were made. And, thus, there would be no longer any poor-rates or paupers. They would make a surrender of all sinecures, pensions, and grants. They would call upon the Clergy to surrender the sums, which were given to them, in Perceval's insolent administration, out of the taxes. They would subscribe amongst themselves, and pay back to the public, the immense sums given to the French petty tyrants and priests. They would restore to the Crown all the estates of the Crown, by no means forgetting *Mary-le-Bonne Parish*. They would repeal the new treason law, the soldiers-talking-to-death law, and *every indemnity act that ever was passed*. They would, above all things, forswear all intercourse with the rascals in the Boroughs. They would learn to *keep a civil tongue in their heads*, and resolve never again to answer a petition by slandering the petitioner. They might

hire masses to be sung in all the countries of the Holy Alliance for the souls of Pitt, Dundas, and Perceval; but, at any rate, they would, themselves, all become extremely penitent, humble, and affable. The women would then begin to say, "*poor souls!*" and take compassion on the young ones especially; and, soon after that, the men would forgive young ones and old ones too.

This would be the wise course. If this course were adopted, the Swindle might burst at any moment. But, if the Swindle should burst without any preparations being made; and, if, in spite of common sense, the Borough tyrants were to set off and leave the people, and were (which God forbid!) to force the Royal Family away with them, I see no reason, for my part, why the people should *fall to butchering each other*. I do not ask "where is the *Almighty* arm to make a Reform." England has been twice left *without a king, or chief ruler, or parliament*; and, England *did very well*, got on very well, upon both those occasions! When CROMWELL died, there was neither Chief Magistrate nor Parliament. When JAMES II. decamped, there was neither Chief Magistrate nor Parliament. Yet, so far from general confusion and anarchy following upon these occasions, the nation, upon both occasions, was filled with joy and happiness. A parliament was called, in both cases; and, though called by no



*legal authority*, what these parliaments did became laws, though amongst their acts, were those of making a total change in the person of the Chief Magistrate. The parliament, which put an end to the *Commonwealth* and put Charles II. upon the throne was called by a set of persons, who *just walked into Saint Stephen's Chapel*, as any other persons might have done; and these persons not only had *no law* for what they did; but what they did was in open violation of the Statutes then in force. Yet, this set of men, so collected together, passed many laws, and some of those laws are *in force to this day*, being also some of the most important of all the Statute Laws of England. To mention only Chapter XXIV. of the 12th Charles II. It was called *the 12th year*, though it was the *first*, in fact. This act put an end to Wardship, to Liveries, to Tenures in Capite, Knight's Service, Purveyance, Escuage; and, in short, totally changed the nature of the rights of real property; and made an entire new arrangement for the support of the kingly part of the government. This act is now in force. Take this act away, and there is scarcely a good title to any estate in the kingdom. Yet the Parliament, that passed this law had *no legal authority for meeting or for sitting!* They passed an act to make their meeting and sitting lawful, and to give the force of law to all their other acts! But, who cannot do the same?

Cannot the same, upon a like emergency, be done by any two or three hundred men that may walk into and take their seats in the same identical Chapel of Saint Stephen?

In the case of JAMES II. a parcel of people, some Lords, some not Lords, the Lord Mayor of London, and some Common Council-men, met in the same Chapel, and in another room near it. They had no legal authority to act. No legal power called them together. Yet, without more ado, without authority from king or people, they proceeded without any sort of ceremony, to the *passing of acts*. They first passed an act to make themselves a *lawful parliament*. They next gave the Crown to a *foreigner*. They then settled the Crown on a new family. They passed acts for *raising taxes*, and for putting people to death. This famous Parliament was called "*the Convention Parliament*." It was the acts of this Convention that made a "*Glorious Revolution*;" and that happily seated the present illustrious family on the throne of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Poh! what fear is there, then, that the people of England would not know how to act, if, unhappily, a similar emergency should arise! *Why* should there, I would ask Major Cartwright, be such horrible danger? *Why* "must the "*thing of necessity* produce a volcanic irruption, to which nought "in history, except the *French*

"*Revolution, may be compared*"! I can see no reason to fear such irruption. I believe, that the people of England and Scotland and Ireland are ten times as much enlightened *now* as they were in 1660, or in 1688. They are, in their nature, the very same people. Whence, then, should come this great and terrible danger? Cannot some men walk in to the parliament house *now* as easily as men could formerly? Is there nobody that can *draw up an act*? Why there is the *Major himself*; and he *has* drawn up a *Bill*. Cannot that *Bill*, perfectly agreeable to the laws of the land, be *passed*? Why, then, should there be any *confusion*; why, above all things, a "*volcanic irruption*"? Why, at any rate, should there be a "*French Revolution*"?

Oh, no! There would be none of these. The people want a *Reform*; they want to choose representatives, and not let the Boroughmongers choose them. This is *all* they want. The *Bill* is ready. It only wants to be passed; and, then, all is peace and good will. All is harmony; and prosperity immediately follows.

I allow, indeed, that, if, unhappily, the Boroughmongers should, to all their other offences, add that of endeavouring to cause confusion and bloodshed, in such a time of trial, the consequences *to them* may be dreadful. I also allow, that the blowing-up of the paper *now* would be more danger-

ous to them than it would have been, if it had taken place *before* the days of the dungeon-bill, the gagging-bill, the new treason-bill, the soldiers-talking-to-bill, the indemnity-bill; and *before* the commencement of the feats of Oliver, Castles, Dowling and their *high allies*. These things have made the case of the Boroughmongers *worse*, and *much worse*, than it was in 1816. As I told the alarmist, FITZWILLIAM, no drugs will ever give to the Boroughmongers the sweet sleep, which they enjoyed *before February, 1817*. They little imagined what their hellish measures of that month would lead to. Gladly would they now *recal* the time when they drew their knife upon us.

However, it was *absolutely necessary to draw the knife*, or to *make the Reform*. It never could be supposed, that the people would have remained quiet under the system, without being kept down by open force. They are not quiet *now* in consequence of any thing else. They are not quiet. They have been, by force, compelled to *retreat*; but, the *war* is going on: no *peace* has been made. Does any man believe, that, if it were not for *the army*, the Reform would not speedily be made? He is a hypocrite who pretends to think, that the people would not have *forced* a Reform in the spring of 1817, if the bills had not been passed. Therefore, he is a hypocrite, and a base



hypocrite, who *condemns those Bills*, and who, at the same time, *opposes Reform*. The *Boroughmonger*, who opposed those Bills, added to all his political crimes, the moral crime of base hypocrisy. Such a Boroughmonger is destitute even of the honour said to exist amongst thieves. He has got his share of the stolen goods, which he is resolved to keep, and yet he cries out against his more valiant associates for the violence which they commit in order to be able to retain their share and to enable him to retain his!

This trick, may it please your Dukeship, does not *deceive the people*. They are seeking their *birth-right*, which they humbly believe to consist in something more than the liability to be *pressed*, or *drafted*, to fight by land or sea. And, if, in this pursuit, they find any one *in possession* of a part of that birth-right, they are not to be told, that he is *innocent of all offence against them*, merely because he is not one of those who have appeared foremost in the *beating* of them into the bargain. In short, amongst all the good and sound and sensible part of the people, "*Boroughmonger, or, no Boroughmonger,*" is the only question as far as regards the light, in which they view the parties. As to *speech-making* and *voting* and *motion-making*, they are all trash, *real trash*. "Is he a Boroughmonger, or, the tool of a Boroughmonger?" This is the only question worth asking; the only

thing worth inquiring about. There is a quarrel going on, for instance, amongst a gang of robbers, about the division of their booty; about the means of preserving their booty; about the measures they shall take to secure themselves from justice. But, what has the robbed party to do with all this? He, when he seizes hold of them can make *no distinctions*. If one of them say, "*I am innocent; indeed I am.*" "*Innocent! You villain; why, have you not got a part of my goods? Have you not got my coat upon your back now? Are you not here in my house, that you have broken into and kept possession of along with the rest of the villains?*"

It is very clear to me, and it is equally clear to all of us, that the *opposition* to the drawing of the knife was a mere *sham*. We are all satisfied, that the opposers were as bitter enemies as the others. We are all satisfied, that the opposers would not have been opposers if they had not been quite sure, that their opposition *would have no effect*. We all understand the whole matter clearly. We know well what made LORD MILTON *stop short a little* of his father's length. We all know what made ELLIOTT vote one way while LORD FITZWILLIAM voted the other way. None of these tricks deceive us *now*. They answered their purpose formerly; but, *now* they are of no use, except that of adding, if possible, to our disgust and contempt.

Therefore, when the day of justice shall come, when king and people shall again possess their rights, "*who trafficked in seats?*" This will be the grand question. Who are these men? And the people need not go far to find them. Major Cartwright has given a complete list of them. It will be for these men, then, to account for what has been done. These men, too, will have the *Bank-Note account to settle*; for, it is impossible to believe, that the last holders of the Notes will have to put up with the loss.

Major Cartwright appears still to be of opinion, that *the people alone*, without any aid from those who are called great men, would be *unable* to settle the affairs of the nation. If I were of the same opinion, I should *despair*; for, I am pretty nearly certain, that the people will *never* have that aid. But, how can I entertain any such opinion? How *foolish* as well as how *base* must it be in *me* to affect to hold such an opinion, after having proved, a thousand times over, the nobility and gentry, taken in a mass, to be the most imbecile set of creatures that ever existed! What! is nobody *able* to retrieve the affairs of the nation, except those very creatures, who have brought the nation into ruin and slavery! Did it ever before occur to any mortal man to look for salvation in *the cause* of the peril, from which peril we wish to be saved? Besides, if we look at the parties, where do we see the

*talent and the public spirit?* Have we not, amongst us, whom the tyrants call the "*Lower Orders*," more talent and more wisdom and more public-spirit than are to be found amongst those, who call themselves "*great men*"? Take away the talent, which the tyrants purchase from the "*Lower Orders*" with our money, and they are *silliness itself*. Take away the arms of those of the "*Lower Orders*," whose pay comes from the "*Lower Orders*," and the tyrants are *helpless as babies*. What folly is it, then, to suppose, that *we*, if left to ourselves, should not know how to take care of ourselves! What folly to suppose, that, having by our valour and our skill, obtained our rights, we should, all of a sudden, become too cowardly and too foolish to maintain them!

Men are too apt, when they are speaking of things, which are the same in their nature in all times, to overlook the difference in many of the circumstances at different times. Thus, men fear *a civil war*, in case the paper should be suddenly blown-up and the borough-tyranny blown down. *Why* a civil war? To produce a civil war, there must be *two parties*, and each party must have some *fighting force*. One part of the people must be induced to fight against another part of the people. This is not the case now. The fighting part of the people are *all on one side*. They are all for *Reform*. The Boroughmon-



gers, Tax-gatherers, and Tax-eaters compose the *other side*. They have *now* an army; but, they would have none, *if the paper were destroyed*. So that the very elements of civil war would be wanting. The people would rally round the throne (to be sure) and the tyrannical usurpers must give up their usurped power.

For my part, I have full confidence in our own talents. I am convinced, that we, of the "*Lower Orders*," have a *hundred thousand times* more talent than the "*higher orders*." I think, that we possess this superiority in all the branches of knowledge connected with the well-governing of a nation. I think there was much more talent of this sort in the meeting of *Delegates*, little numerous as it was, than there was in the two Houses at Westminster. I am sincerely of opinion, that in Nottingham, Manchester, Norwich, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Paisley, Glasgow, or in almost any other great city or town, there is more talent, fit to be employed in the well-governing of a nation, than is contained in the two places at Westminster. The men in those places have proved by their deeds what fools they have been. They have, by their deeds, shown, that they have been destitute even of the knowledge necessary to *take care of themselves*. They have brought themselves to the verge of a precipice, from which they cannot retreat, and down which they dare

not look. And yet, there are men to talk of them as *guides*, as *leaders*, for the people; and to express doubts of the people's ability to do without the *aid* and *support* of these poor creatures who have not known how to take care of themselves.

I, as far as I may be convinced, am quite willing to trust to the talent, the justice and loyalty of the great mass of the people, and especially that part of them, who raise the food, the raiment and the buildings, and who fight the battles. I am quite willing to make common cause with them, *to be one of them*, and to fare as they fare. I wish, indeed, to live in ease and abundance; but, I do not wish to live thus, while they are living in oppression and hunger. If I possess, by some accident, more talent of a certain sort than some of them, each of them may surpass me in talent of another sort. At any rate, to be oppressed, robbed and insulted, is the common lot of us all; and, therefore, we shall, I hope, make common cause against our rapacious, insolent and infamous oppressors; and I trust that the only object of ambition amongst us will be the fame of having contributed in the greatest degree towards the destruction of our base and bloody tyrants. The cause of the people has been betrayed by hundreds of men, who were well able to serve the people, but whom a love of ease and of the indulgence of empty vanity have seduced into the service of the brib-

ing usurpers, who have spared no means to corrupt men of literary talent from the authors of folios to the authors of baby-books and ballads. *Caricature-makers, song-makers*; all have been bribed by one means or another. GILLRAY and DIBDIN were both *pensioned*. SOUTHEY, WILLIAM GIFFORD; all, all are placed or pensioned. *Play-writers, Historians*. None have escaped. BLOOMFIELD, the Farmer's-Boy author, was taken *in tow*, and pensioned for fear he should write for the people. I can form an idea of nothing so mortifying as the state of such men as W. GIFFORD and SOUTHEY. Men of real talent. *Shoemakers' sons*, who ought to have been proud of their superiority over Lords; but who, from the basest of motives, have become the supporters of the haughty and stupid tribe of Boroughmongers; and who are now, as the reward of their baseness, living in hourly *fear* of seeing talent and justice and freedom triumph. These two men are particularly infamous. They were the *first* to call for the *dungeon and murdering Bills*. They had the infamy to exert all their ingenuity to prepare before-hand a justification for those tyrannical acts. They were, of the whole band, the basest pair. It was they, who said, that the people read the "Two-penny Trash" with such delight; and, that, *therefore*, its author *ought to be stifled*. These two base men did not perceive the power of the pa-

*per-money*. This was a matter too big for their minds to grasp. Serving tyrants, who rely on *expedients*, they dwelt on expedients. They thought that the tyranny could be supported for ever, and their places and pensions along with it, by dungeons, gags, and axes. They did not look at the paper-money, which was, all the while, twisting a rope for themselves. Amongst the traitors of 1817 these two men are of the *most guilty*. England can never be fit to live in, unless these two men, along with Stuart and Walter, be called *legally* to account for their conduct of that day. WILLIAM GIFFORD has swallowed (interest and all) about *twenty thousand pounds* of the public money. How much SOUTHEY may have swallowed I do not know. The former was, for some time, an associate with GILLRAY and WRIGHT. It was this GIFFORD who insinuated that Peter Pindar had *unnatural propensities*. Peter had published "A CUT AT A COBLER." The miscreant, Gifford, instead of *glorying* in his cobbler-birth, attacked Peter in the *foul* manner just spoken of. Peter beat him with a stick in *Wright's shop*, the place whence his infamous writings had issued.

Thus it is that the "*Lower Orders*," as the insolent tyrants have the audacity to call us, have been deserted and betrayed by their own brethren. Such men as Gifford are seduced partly by their love of ease, love of good



eating and drinking and sleeping; but the *false pride*, which makes them in haste to cause the world to forget their origin, is a greater seducer. This base GIFFORD did not mind being called a tool of the Ministry; he did not mind being called a hireling writer; he did not mind this, but rather gloried in it. It was the "Cut at a *Cobler*" that stung him. He was pleased to find himself a "*Squire*," keeping company with the underlings of office, and now-and-then admitted to dine with Lords. Every time he thought of the honest *cobler's stall*, he started with affright. I dare say he felt uneasy whenever he heard any one complain of an ill-fitting shoe. And, therefore, when Peter Pindar came out with the fatal *secret* of the birth of the poor vain wretch, he was half mad. If a man of such talents as he possesses, and sprung, as he is, from the common people, had a heart in his bosom such as he ought to have, what pride would he feel *to be known* for the son of a *cobler*! How would he delight in the thought, that his talents enabled him to make wicked Lords tremble! This man has tried hard to imitate the *poetry* of POPE; but, he appears never to have thought of imitating his *independence* and his *public spirit*. DOCTOR JOHNSON was on the side of virtue till he got a *pension*; but, this GIFFORD has *always* been a slave of corruption. He is now skulking

about *without a name*. He is hired as a *Quarterly Reviewer* to keep authors and booksellers in *awe*. What must the wretch think of himself, when he reflects on his situation! His fate depends wholly upon that of the paper-money. I am ready to prove, that he has pocketed *twenty thousand pounds of the people's money*. I am ready to prove, that, for twenty years past, he has devoured every year as much tax as would have supported *twenty-five labourer's families*, making altogether *one hundred and twenty-five persons*. I am ready, at any time, to *prove* this; and, is he not to *refund*?

However, in spite of all these desertions, the "*Lower Orders*," as the Borough-brutes have the insolence to call us, have men enough left to enable us, upon a pinch, to keep our fingers out of the fire. We have shown, that we understand the affairs of the nation *better* than our oppressors understand them. We have shown, that we knew, long ago, to what the tyrants would bring the nation. We have shown, that *we foresaw*, if they did not, what the base paper-money would lead to. We have no longer any opinion of the omnipotent seat-dealers.

We see the hole-digging and bank-restraining and corn-enhancing and Clergy-protecting gentlemen in their true light. Our confidence in ourselves is as perfect as is our distrust of them. We

know well, that, if the Bills already drawn up by MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, were put in force: his Bills for *Voting* and *Arms-bearing*: we know, that these Bills would make England the most free, happy and powerful nation in the world; and, no sort of *difficulty* can we see in passing these Bills. We owe him everlasting gratitude for his matchless industry and zeal. He has, for forty years, been the polar star of the people: and we beseech him *now* to trust to the effects of his principles on our minds, and not to suppose, that the fate of England is, at last, to depend on the will or whim of a set of degraded, debauched, stupid and detested tyrants. It is impossible, that the name of MAJOR CARTWRIGHT can ever be other than dear to the people. But, it is *possible*, that he may weaken his authority with us, by seeming *to rest his hopes on our oppressors*. He may be assured, that, with us, the question of *right* has long been *settled*; and that we

are impatient under every address to us, which does not treat of the *means of obtaining* that we have demanded. The base little CLEARY's saying that he would almost become the *hangman* of the brave BRANDRETH and his associates, and using the name of MAJOR CARTWRIGHT as approving of the thought, gave a rude shock to the people's opinions. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT has been (in December) at a dinner at Liverpool, where a man, named TAYLOR (of Manchester) abused our worthy friends, BAGULEY, JOHNSON, and DRUMMOND, then *in prison* and *about to be tried*. The Baronet suffered this to pass *unreproved* and even *unnoticed*. This was natural enough *in him*; but, from *Major Cartwright* we look for hearty co-operation in *every effort* against our oppressors; and, if he cannot co-operate in acts, let us, at any rate, have his cheering applause.

WM. COBBETT.

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